

THE BESSIE BRAMBLE

Furnishes Cold Comfort for the Men Who Are Pining After the Old Time Girls.

THE KITCHEN NOT WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Why Some Pittsburg Girls Would Reverse the Old Saying and Dis Old Maids.

A SORRY JOKE ON THE ALLEGHENY SISTERS.

Governor Pattison, so far as women are concerned, wants to go back to the good old laws of the eighteenth century, as do many other men who don't know what the world is coming to if women keep on as they are doing. These worthy brethren are alarmed. They are downcast and disconsolate, all on account of the "female sect."

In this connection we note with some surprise that our good friend, "Quiet Observations," also seems to hanker after the ancient style of women, who were strict to spin and weave and sew and cook and keep house. He talks regretfully of the old-time girls who quilted their own bed quilts, and spun their own blankets, and made their wedding cakes, and cooked the turkey.

It may be a comfort and a relief to him and Brother Pattison and the rest of the brethren who are bewailing of women to know that nineteenth-century girls are the best and brightest and most useful to society ever known. The women of to-day couldn't hold a candle to those of to-day. It is true they do not spin. Machinery has done away with that. Neither do they quilt bed quilts, except in the country, because it is not profitable.

Why Women should Have Her Way. It may be wiser to dear brethren, but it is none the less true, that the working women of to-day are aware ahead of their grandmothers in the way of being useful and doing good in the world. Those who a hundred years ago would have been famous spinners and weavers and quilters with not an idea beyond, are to-day teachers and nurses and doctors and preachers, and trained nurses, and editors, and managers, and superintendents of schools and famous housekeepers.

And as for the housekeeping, all women are no more adapted to keep house than men are fitted to be good tailors or shoemakers. So what is the use of forever holding up housekeeping as the proper employment for women?

Co-operation is the ideal outlook for housekeeping, as it is in trade; when the notable born housekeeper with capable, trained cooks can take the place of the housekeeping of half a dozen families, leaving the other women whose gifts are in a different line to that employment for which they are best fitted. It is common sense. Would Harriet Beecher Stowe have been more useful in the world, if she had given her mind to cooking three meals a day, than by writing Uncle Tom's Cabin? Would Florence Nightingale have been more profitable to society, if she had stayed quietly at home and sewed up shirts, or gone to Crimea to superintend hospitals? Would our own Clara Barton have been more useful to the world doing housework at home than in serving the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac? Would the most distinguished woman of Pittsburg, Jane Grey Swisshelm, have been more useful and profitable to her society when she was endeavoring to cultivate closer relations with and attain success in the pot and skillet department, than when she was fighting slavery with her pen, and with the help of her husband, giving fuller freedom to every woman in Pennsylvania? Who will venture to prove the affirmative?

When a woman who is cut out for an artist, a writer or a preacher is put into a kitchen instead she may become resigned to it and make the best of it, and do fairly good work, but never the best of which she is capable. And the lottery of happiness will prove to have been a blank. A round woman in a square hole is as much out of place as a man in a like position.

Happiness Outside of Matrimony. "Girls say they would sooner die than live to be old maids," remarks "Quiet Observations." Our experience is quite the contrary. The girls we know right here at home say they would rather die old maids, 10 times over, than marry the common run of young men who waste their substance in riotous living and can't afford to marry. We have in mind plenty of girls who are enjoying their single living, who would never give up a certainty for an uncertain better. And they are right.

After love and the world was lost, is a pretty romantic, but it is not common sense, and they know it. They know that love in a cottage is picturesque, but it will not keep the pot boiling, and when it comes down to the plain prose of every day life, it is a sad drudgery and privation. The fact is, brethren, the girls are growing in knowledge of good and evil, and you may depend they will no more choose the evil than you would yourselves. They are becoming more sensible, more and more discriminating, and they have discovered that the pleasure which the art of all of "old maid" is no more a big bear than they can look around on many of their married sisters and congratulate themselves on their freedom, while the latter, in countless cases, envy the independence and exemption from the cares and worries of matrimony of the single sisters.

of their own folly on the woman. 'Twas ever thus.

But, I rethren—we wish to break it to you gently—there are women right here at home who have their own money to spend as they please, who have their own pleasant homes and congenial occupations, who can pack their trunks and take a jaunt to New Orleans, slip off to Washington for a few weeks, take in the cream of New York, or the balmy air of Florida; in short, have a royal time in any way they choose, who call the man master, and who wouldn't marry the best man that ever stepped in shoes of leather." This will be a shock to you, beloved brethren, but it is none the less true. Women find pleasure and comfort and happiness outside of matrimony. It is not flattering to me, but there is a growing inclination to marriage among women. They are growing more critical as to the measure of a man. He will have to come up to a nobler, higher standard, or, in the poetical parlance of the day, he will get "left."

A Serry Joke on the Sisters. A number of ladies in Allegheny several years ago took a great deal of interest in a "real smart young man," who was of the opinion that he was "called" to the ministry, but who had no money to go through the theological seminary. These ladies, thinking he would become a great light in the church by virtue of his talents, undertook to raise the money to educate him thoroughly. It was a very hard pull sometimes for women generally to get such money to spare, but by strenuous effort, great self-denial and personal sacrifice they raised the means to enable him to go to the seminary, and enter the ministry. After their hard work, the women felt repaid in the fact that he had enriched the pulpit with a watchman on the towers of Zion, who would preach the Gospel with holyunction and religious zeal.

The joke on this story was thus related by one of the ladies: "I think I was his education to us, for whom we sacrificed ourselves, and who is indebted to our efforts for his present position, is now pastor of a prominent church in St. Louis, and is engaged in preaching down women. He takes high ground in rating them inferior, and holds with all the eloquence and influence he can command that women should be held in subjection, that they should not aspire to rank with men, but make themselves content in their own humble sphere assigned them by the Creator. He denounces women as meddling to profane, and work outside of their homes as unwomanly and irreligious. He is opposed to all societies for women except missionary meetings, prayer meetings, or others for doing the hard work for the church in the way of raising money. He will not permit his wife to attend the Woman's Club. In short, he is one of the men who cannot tolerate a woman as an equal. Who could not be happy if the woman who presides at his family table was not in subjection to him? He could not enjoy life if women were not considered as inferiors and held responsible for sin."

This is a sorry joke on the sisters who educated him and they feel it keenly. Their disgust and indignation are indescribable. It is safe to say they will educate no more young men who will be the voice of the young women. They will help no more young men into the pulpit to preach slavery for women as a divine institution. They have a standing lesson in the St. Louis speech that will restrain them from pushing the fortunes of religion as a young man and planting an enemy in the pulpit. No young man who thinks he is "called of the Lord" need count on them hereafter. They are, one and all, we are told, fixed and bent upon their "not" on the intention to hereafter appropriate all their spare dollars to the advancement of women. No theological "twegint" need apply.

FASHIONABLE WEESHIP.

Bessie Bramble Teaches a Chord to Which Some Christians Respond.

The article in last Sunday's DISPATCH from the pen of your talented contributor, Bessie Bramble, a neat fastidiousness of the church, should supply those who are in the habit of religion at heart with abundant food for reflection. For the sake of the Christian church it is much to be hoped that your correspondent has overstated the case. It is scarcely conceivable that the doors of any edifice dedicated to the cause of the Lord should be shut against one who devoted himself with his determination to the extinction of evil as Francis Murphy, and it might be well if our spiritual guides would exert themselves a little to remove the impression which Bessie Bramble's article is almost certain to create.

As a matter of fact there does seem to be some little incompatibility between poverty and the religion practiced in some of our churches. The gorgeous temples of luxury which at present are deemed necessary for the worship of the Most High bear very little resemblance to the lowly scenes amid which the grand old truths of the gospel were first inculcated by the Master Himself.

The well-cushioned pews are much more comfortable than the time-worn boulders of the break Scottish moors where our forefathers were worshipped and laid down their lives battling for the faith. Times are much altered since the early Christians worshipped in the Roman catacombs surrounded by silent reminders of their latter end, and it is certain that the hymn of praise from the lips and hearts of the Puritans in the rude caverns as a steady and acceptable as from the high trained choir of one of our fashionable churches.

The impression that religion is fast becoming an expensive pursuit is gaining ground among a certain class, and has done much to retard the progress of religion in these latter days; and it might be well if ministers and church members in general could devise some plan by which this idea might be removed from the minds of our blundering citizens. Above everything else, the means of grace should be as free as air, and the possession of good clothes should not be any impediment to a poor person's occupation of the best pew in the church. It will be held that at present there is no obstacle to the stay of fashionable church members, and more is no real and direct opposition to the coming to church, but it is doubtful if his welcome there will be particularly warm. And the mere possibility of his receiving a slight will be quite sufficient to keep him away. It is not intended to convey the idea that all of our church members are of this class, but even half of our churches belong to the class fashionable, but the fact of any belonging to this class causes more or less injury to all the others. It may be that many are only too glad to have an excuse for their absence from public worship in the fact of shabby clothes, but it is certainly the duty of all Christians to lessen the validity of such an excuse by all means in their power.

None of the furniture of a house of worship should be too fine for use by the poor, and the most ill-clad of us, and the moment that the carpet of an old dress is worn, the carpets and cushions of the building of more importance than the salvation of one soul; the church's occupation is gone, and its prestige suffers an untold loss. It would seem that church membership is looked upon by many people more as a means for promoting social fellowship than for the worship of the Head of the Universe. It is time that a little more heart-worship be introduced into the matter. MANFIELD, JANUARY 17. STELLUS.

Mother Instructs in Little Girls. San Francisco Chronicle.] It is curious how children all cling to dolls. I was at a Christmas tree on Wednesday evening. The child, a girl 3 years old, had a doll of fifteen cent value. She had nothing to say; she looked kindly, and less than anything else. She took each new one and grasped it closely for a minute, but laid it aside carelessly as the next came. Another child of the same age, however, was a doll, a female doll with blonde hair, a blue and a profusion of blonde hair, a blue silk dress and a pair of blue stockings. That she never released for rings, or pictures, or anything. And she went to bed with the doll in her arms. It was very odd thing, her mother seemed to remark, and she was sleeping for she came across her in the nursery with the doll entirely stripped of the dress, which she had carefully put into a basin to be washed, and on Christmas night she was coming to the doll's bed, explaining that she had put on the dress and the doll died. I suppose it was the bidding of that mother's instinct which makes all women so much dearer to the world than man.

FEW MILLIONAIRES

But Several Comfortably Fixed Statesmen the Upper House.

DON CAMERON ONE OF THE RICH ON

Six Eminent Bondholders and Seven Railroad Senators Interested.

CHISEL AND QUILL SKETCHES OF THE RICH

Special Correspondence of the Dispatch. - A SENATOR. WASHINGTON, JANUARY 16. - A seat in the Senate has almost come to be synonymized with the reputation of being a millionaire. Rich men are always victims of a good deal of guessing, and when they happen to be United States Senators the guessing riot with facts. "I wish I was worth what they put me down for," said Senator Sawyer the other day, as he read a newspaper article charging him with being a millionaire. The fact is that there are very few millionaires in the Senate. New England show one—Engene Hale, who is only a millionaire by brevet. He has the management of the \$5,000,000 left by Zach Chandler, his father-in-law, and in the course of time may be a millionaire in his own right. T. Middle States have but one—Don Cameron. He is probably a richer man than his father old Simon.

Don Cameron owns the Leeches-iron work near Harrisburg, which have yielded a fortune amounting to years. He is also might to be called a railroad Senator, owing a large amount of stock in the Northern Central and other roads, which include, of course, the Pennsylvania main road. A great many States are passed over before we reach another millionaire Senator. M. H. Stone, of Virginia, has been one, but I have not now. Brown, of Georgia, is and he is worth a good deal more. Some say he is worth \$2,000,000. It is known to a cipher, but he is not. The old man looks like a Mormon, older with his long white beard and his stiff stur stur visage. Regular as the clock he sits in his seat day after day, a studious listener all that goes on, and a clear, concise talker when he is forced to say anything. His favorite gesture, which Ingalls, of Kansas, touched off last winter, is to rub his hand together—as the Kansas Senator said "washing his hands with invisible soap-unclean water." He, too, is a railroad Senator, holding a majority interest in the Western Atlantic, and having a strong grip on the railroad system of the South.

So we see that in all the populous and rich Atlantic seaboard we have found but two millionaire Senators. There are other rich men, also. Edmunds, of Vermont, is fairly well off. Good bankers say he is worth \$200,000. One of the oldest lawyers before the Supreme Court tells me Edmunds does not earn \$5,000 a year at law. Last year he had only five cases. Morrill, his colleague, is not so very rich. He was originally a country store keeper. He is rated at \$150,000. His house in Washington is a very plain brown of oak. One worth about \$30,000. Frye, of Maine, is not rich. The Massachusetts Senators are not more so. Both have saved up a little in their long years of service in Congress. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is a whole lot richer, and stands worth \$100,000. His wife has a fortune. Sheffield, Senator Anthony's successor, is well-to-do, but not rich.

JOE HAWLEY is worth a good newspaper, \$75,000. Platt, his colleague, depends on his salary. Pike, of New Hampshire, has a little law practice and is worth \$75,000. Blair is not rich. Miller, of New York, is worth \$250,000.

There are some valuable paper manufacturers, patentees, Lapham is probably the richest man in Canada and could sell it for \$10,000 perhaps, if he wanted to. McCreary is worth half a million. His colleague, Sewell, is worth less, and is rated at \$250,000. Sewell is a railroad Senator, owning quite a block of stock in most of the Jersey railroads. He is one of the young set Senators, and was a sailor in early life. He is popular, active, a good business man, and nobody ever heard that his railroad interests affected his sense of duty as a Senator.

Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, is hardly more than poor. Bayard, of Delaware, isn't rich. One hundred and fifty thousand would cover all he has laid up against a rainy day. Saulsbury, his genial old colleague, is worth \$100,000. He is a bachelor, with no one to love him, none to care for him, and no one to care for his children, who have lived with him for years. The Virginia Senators are no millionaires. Mahone's properties are under a thick cloud. His son's bank at Petersburg is in bankruptcy, and millions do not let the wolf come and eat the lamb. They can help it. Riddleberger is a good hunter and the best gun money can buy, but he is not a millionaire. He lives at Woodstock, Va., and is a newspaper publisher and general investor. He is worth about \$100,000. He would say everything he calls his money. Ramson, of North Carolina, is less than poor—he is in debt. Josh Vance was poor, but he married a Louisville widow, and the wolf left his door when the bride crossed its threshold.

Canden, of West Virginia, owns some railroad stock in local roads—not much, but enough to entitle him to enter the list of railroad Senators. He has made most of his \$20,000 in banking. Regna, his colleague, the youngest Senator, is a good lawyer, and not burdensomely rich. Over in Tennessee the Senators are well attended at. Jackson has done a thrifty business as a department lawyer in Washington. He is worth \$50,000 probably. The Missouri Senators, Vest and Cockrell, are fair lawyers and make a good business as beyond the pinch of poverty. The Maryland Senators represent little fortune—Groome has the little and German has the fortune. He begged it himself, becoming a page in the United States Senate in 1852, and remaining in its service until 1866, when he was its postmaster. As the director of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company he demonstrated his driving spirit and gained the skill that enabled him to

WIELD THE PANTY WHIP as chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the recent campaign. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, owns large plantations in his State and in Mississippi. Before the war he had 1,000 slaves. In 1878 he went through bankruptcy, and his estate did not pay a cent on the dollar. Butler, of Hamburg, has a good plantation, which may be worth \$25,000. He works it carefully and makes a living from it. Jones, of Florida, is a poor man. He is a fishman, well read as a lawyer, and worth about \$60,000. Call, his colleague, would be both to buy his debts for five cents on the dollar—if he had the five cents. He is the only Senator ever seen by his household furniture at an auction. Conley, of Georgia, is well worth \$100,000. Morgan, of Alabama, is well known as a practitioner before coming to the Senate, which he

